

Directory.

CHURCHES.

M. E. CHURCH, South, W. J. Carpenter, Pastor. Services: Preaching every Sabbath at 11 A. M.; 7:30 P. M. Sabbath School at 10 A. M. Prayer Meeting, Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Rev. L. L. McCarty, Pastor. Services will be held regularly every Sunday at 11:00 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Seats are free and the public cordially invited to attend. Sunday School at 10:00 A. M. Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M. Union Christian Endeavor Meeting, 3:30 P. M., Sunday.

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ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Dr. W. H. Carter, Pastor. Services: Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M.; 7:30 P. M. Prayer evening service at 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 10 A. M.

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Those who are interested in Christian Science will be welcomed at the residence of Mr. W. C. Lewis, where the services will be held Sundays at 10:30 A. M., Wednesdays at 7:30 P. M.

L. O. O. F. Regular meetings of DEON LODGE No. 1 are held every Tuesday evening, at their lodge room, at 8 o'clock. All brothers in good standing are invited to attend.

W. M. MCINTOSH, JR., N. G.

R. L. COLLINS, R. S. Regular meetings of ADHILLA CAMPMENT No. 2, are held the first and third Thursday evenings of each month, at their lodge room, at 8 o'clock. A. I. Patrons in good standing are invited to attend.

W. M. MCINTOSH, JR., Sec., C. P.

KNIGHTS OF HONOR Tallahassee Lodge, No. 322, meets second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month at Masonic Hall.

E. E. PHILLBRICK, Dictator.

W. H. CHANCEY, Reporting. Regular meetings of the C. C. C. are held every Tuesday evening, at their lodge room, at 8 o'clock. All brothers in good standing are invited to attend.

J. F. HILL, JR., Sec.

ST. PAUL LODGE, No. 15 (B. S. of the E.). Holds its meeting every Wednesday evening at eight o'clock, at its lodge room upstairs, one door east of the annex of the Opera House. All members of the Order in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

A. STAFFORD, W. C. J.

MASONIC The regular convocation of Florida R. A. Chapter No. 1, will be held on the Second and Fourth Mondays of each month at 8 o'clock P. M.

W. M. MCINTOSH, JR., Secretary.

Regular meetings of JACKSON LODGE No. 1, are held on the first and third Mondays of each month, at 8 o'clock, P. M.

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ARTS AND THE WOMAN. (Continued from Seventh Page.)

forsaken a sacred duty for something I was not sure of—a man's love?"

"Gretchen?"

"Am I cruel? Look!" Phyllis stood at the other end of the conservatory. "Does not there recur to you some other woman you have loved? You start. Come, was not your love for Gretchen plique? Who is she who thus mirrors my own likeness? Whoever she is she loves you. Let us return. I shall be missed." It was not the woman, but the princess, who spoke.

"You are breaking two hearts!" I cried, my voice full of disappointment, passion and anger.

"Two? Perhaps, but yours will not be counted."

"You are?"

"Pray do not lose your temper," I said. And she swept toward the entrance.

I had lost.

As the princess drew near to Phyllis the brown eyes of the one met the blue green eyes of the other. There was almost an exclamation on Phyllis' lips; there was almost a question on Gretchen's; both paled. Phyllis understood, but Gretchen did not, why the impulse to speak came. Then the brown eyes of Phyllis turned their penetrating gaze to my own eyes, which I was compelled to shift. I bowed, and the princess and I passed on.

By the grand staircase we ran into the prince. His face wore a dissatisfied air.

"I was looking for your highness," he said to Gretchen. "Your carriage is at the curb. Permit me to assist you. Ah, yes," in English, "it is Herr Winthrop! I regret that the interview of tomorrow will have to be postponed till Monday."

"Any time," said I, watching Gretchen, whose eyes widened, "will be agreeable to me."

Gretchen made as though to speak, but the prince anticipated her.

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"It is merely a little discussion, your highness," he said, "which Herr Winthrop and I left unfinished earlier in the evening. Good night."

On the way to the cloakroom it kept running through my mind that I had lost. Thursday? She said Thursday was the day of her wedding. It would be an evil day for me.

Pembroke was in the cloakroom. "Going?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, let us go together. Where shall it be, Egypt or the steppes of Siberia?"

"Home first," said I. "Then we shall decide."

"One more unfortunate. Make no deep scrutiny!" he quoted. "Jack, she wouldn't think of it, not for a moment. Perhaps I was a trifle too soon. Yes, she is a princess, indeed. As for me, I shall go back to elephants and tigers. It's safe."

"The Bridge of Sighs," said I. "Let us cross it for good and all."

"And let it now read 'Sighs Abridged.' What do you say to this proposition, the north, the bears and the wolves? I've a friend who owns a shooting box a few miles across the border. There's bears and gray wolves galore. Eh?"

"I must get back to work," said I, but half heartedly.

"To the devil with your work! Throw it over. You've got money. Your book is gaining you fame. What's a hundred dollars a week to you and jumping from one end of the continent to the other with only an hour's notice?"

"I'll sleep on it."

"Good. I'll go to bed now, and you can have the hearth and the tobacco to yourself."

"Good night," said I.

Yes, I wanted to be alone. But I did not smoke. I sat and stared into the flickering flames in the grate. I had lost Gretchen. To hold a woman in your arms, the woman you love, to

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kiss her lips and then to lose her! Oh, I knew that she loved me, but she was a princess, and her word was given, and it could not be! The wind sang mournfully over the sils of the window; thick snow whitened the panes; there was a humming in the chimneys. She was jealous of Phyllis. That was why I knew that she loved me. And the subtle change in Phyllis' demeanor toward me, what did it signify? Gretchen was to be married Thursday



"As for me, I shall go back to elephants and tigers. It's safe."

cause there were no proofs that Phyllis was her sister. What if Gretchen had been Phyllis and Phyllis had been Gretchen. Heigho! I threw some more coal on the fire. The candle sank in the socket. There are some things we men cannot understand—the sea, the heavens and woman. Suddenly I brought both hands down on my knees. The innkeeper! The innkeeper! He knew! In a moment I was rummaging through the stack of time tables. The next south bound train left at 3:20. I looked at the clock; 2:20. My dress suit began to fly around on various chairs. Yes; how simple it was! The innkeeper knew. He had known it all these years. I threw my white cravat on to the table and picked up the most convenient tie. In ten minutes from the time the idea came to me I was completely dressed in traveling garments. I had a day and a half. It would take 20 hours to fetch the innkeeper. I refused to entertain the possibility of not finding him at the inn. I swore to heaven that the nuptials of the Princess Hildegarde of Hohenphalia and the Prince Ernst of Wortumborg should not be celebrated

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J. NEWTON HATHAWAY, M. D.
Dr. Hathaway & Co., Savannah, Ga.
MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING.

At noon Thursday, I went into the bedroom.

"Pembroke."

"What is it?" came drowsily.

"I am going on a journey."

"One of those cursed orders you get every other day?" he asked.

"No. It's one on my own account this time. I shall be back in 24 hours. Goodby."

My brow was damp; my hands trembled like an excited woman's. Should I win? I had a broken cigar in my pocket. I lit the preserved end at the top of the feeble carriage lamp. I had the compartment alone. Sleep! Not I. Who could sleep when the car wheels and the rattling windows kept saying: "The innkeeper knows! The innkeeper knows!" Every stop was a heartache. Ah, those eight hours were eight separate centuries to me! I looked careworn and haggard enough the next morning when I stepped on the station platform. I wanted nothing to eat, not even a cup of coffee to drink.

To find conveyance to the inn was not an easy task. No one wanted to take the drive. Finally I secured a horse.

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the price. And soon I was toping through the snowdrifts in the direction of the old inn. The snow whirled and eddied over the stubble fields, the winds sang past my ears, the trees creaked, and the river flowed on, black and sluggish. It was a dreary scene. It was bitter cold, but I had no mind for that. On, on I went. Two miles were left in the rear. The horse was beginning to breathe hard. Sometimes the snow was up to his knees. What if the old man was not there? The blood struck upon my heart. Once the horse struck a slippery place and nearly fell, but I caught him in time. I could now see the inn, perhaps a mile away, through the leafless trees. It looked dismal enough. The vines hung dead about it, the hedges were wild and scrawny, the roses I knew to be no more, and the squirrel had left his summer home for a warmer nest in the forest. A wave of joy swept over me as I saw a thin stream of smoke winding above the chimney. Some one was there. On, on. Presently I flew up the roadway. A man stood on the porch. It was Stahlberg. When I pushed down my collar, his jaw dropped. I flung the reins to him.

"Where is the innkeeper?" I cried with my first breath.

"In the hall, herr. But?"

I was past him and going through the rooms. Yes, thank God, there he was, sitting before the huge fireplace, where the logs crackled and seethed, his grizzled head sunk between his shoulders, lost in some dream. I tramped in noisily. He started out of his dream and looked around.

"Gott!" he cried. He wiped his eyes and looked again. "Is it a dream or is it you?"

"Flesh and blood!" I cried. "Flesh and blood!"

I closed the door and bolted it. He followed my movements with a mixture of astonishment and curiosity in his eyes.

"Now," I began, "what have you done with the proofs which you took from your wife—the proofs of the existence of a twin sister of the Princess Hildegarde of Hohenphalia?"

CHAPTER XXI.

The suddenness of this demand overwhelmed him, and he fell back into the chair, his eyes bulging and his mouth agape.

"Do you hear me?" I cried. "The proofs?" going up to him with clinched fists. "What have you done with those proofs? If you have destroyed them, I'll kill you."

Then, as a bulldog shakes himself loose, the old fellow got up and squar-

ed his shoulders and faced me, his lips compressed and his jaws knotted. I could see by his eyes that I must fight for it.

"Herr Winthrop has gone mad," said he. "The Princess Hildegarde never had a sister."

"You lie!" My hands were at his throat.

"I am an old man," he said.

I let my hands drop and stepped back.

"That is better," he said, with a grim smile. "Who told you this impossible tale and what has brought you here?"

"It is not impossible. The sister has been found."

"Found?" I had him this time.

"Found!" he repeated. "Oh, this is not credible!"

"It is true. And tomorrow at noon the woman you profess to love will become the wife of the man she abhors. Why? Because you—you refuse to save her?"

"How? I will tell you how. Prince Ernst marries Gretchen for her dowry alone. If the woman I believe to be her sister can be proved so, the prince will withdraw his claims to Gretchen's hand. Do you understand? He will not marry for half the revenues of Hohenphalia. It is all or nothing. Now, will you produce those proofs? Will you help me?" The minute hand of the clock was moving around with deadly precision.

"Are you lying to me?" he asked, breathing hard.

"You fool, can't you see that it means everything to Gretchen if you have those proofs? She will be free, free! Will you get those proofs, or shall you go to bed to live to curse you?"

This was the most powerful weapon I had yet used.

"Live to curse me?" he said, not speaking to me, but to the thought. He sat down again and covered his face with his hands. The minute which passed seemed very long. He flung away his hands from his eyes with a movement which expressed despair and resignation. "Yes, I will get them. It is years and years ago," he mused absently, "so long ago that I had thought it gone and forgotten. But it was not to be. I will get the proofs," turning to me as he left the chair.

"Wait here!" He unbolted the door and passed forth. It was a full confession of the deception written by the mother herself and witnessed by her physician, the innkeeper and his wife. Not even the king could contest its genuineness.

"Where is this Dr. Stahlberg?" The innkeeper leaned against the side of the fireplace, staring into the flames.

"He is dead," briefly.

"Who was he?"

"Her late highness' court physician. Oh, have no fear, herr, this new found princess of yours will come into her own," with a bitter smile.

"And why have you kept silent all these years?" I asked.

"Why?" He raised his arms, then let them fall dejectedly. "I loved the Princess Hildegarde. I was jealous that my should share her greatness. I have kept silent because I carried her in my arms till she could walk, because her father cursed her and refused to believe her his own, because she grew around my heart as a vine grows around a rugged oak. And the other? She was nothing to me. I had never seen her. My wife spirited her away when it was night and dark. I took the proofs of her existence as a punishment."

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ment to my wife, who, without them, would never dare to return to this country again. Herr, when a man loads you with ignominy and contempt and ridicule for something you are not to blame, what do you seek? Revenge. The prince tried to crush this lonely child of his. It was I who brought her up. It was I who taught her to say her prayers. It was I who made her what she is today, a noble woman, with a soul as spotless as yonder snowdrift. That was my revenge."

"Who are you?" I cried. For this innkeeper's affection and eloquence seemed out of place.

"Who am I?" The smile which lit his face was wistful and sad. "The law of man disavows me—the bar sinister. In the eyes of God, who is accountable for our being, I am Gretchen's uncle, her father's brother."

"You?" I was astounded.

"I."

"And who knows of this?"

"The king, the prince—and you."

I thrust a hand toward him. "You are a man."

"Wait. Swear to God that her highness shall never know."

"On my honor."

"Then he accepted my clasp and looked straight into my eyes."

"And all this to you?"

"I love her."

"And she?"

"It is mutual. Do you suppose she would have put her life before mine if not? She knew that the lieutenant would have killed me."

"Ach! It never occurred to me, in that light. I understood it to be a frolic of hers. Will you make her happy?"

"If an honest man's love can do it," said I. "Now, get on your hat and coat. You must go to the capital with me. The king would send for you in any case. The next train leaves at 5, and to save Gretchen these proofs must be in the chancellor's hands tomorrow morning."

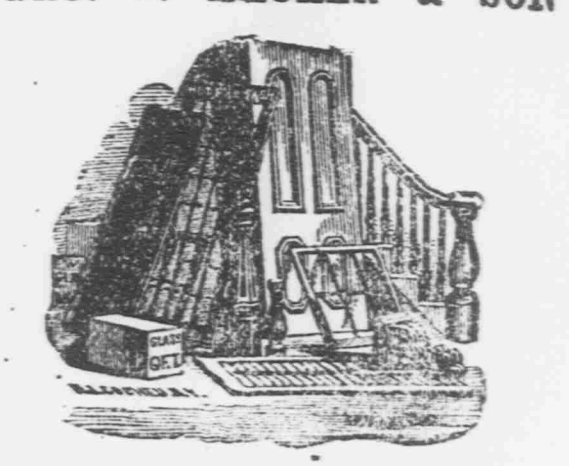
(Continued on Second Page.)

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